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An Expedient.

"LET'S GO TO THE ROOF GARDEN TO-NIGHT."

"I DON'T DARE LEAVE THE BABY, DEAR."

"WELL, I TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO. I'LL GO."

THE...  
**ADIRONDACK . . . .**  
**MOUNTAINS** Called in  
Old Times

"THE GREAT NORTH WOODS."

A marvelous wilderness, abounding in beautiful lakes, rivers and brooks, filled with the greatest variety of fish.

An immense extent of primeval forest, where game of all kinds is to be found.

This wonderful region—located in Northern New York—is reached from Chicago by all lines, in connection with the New York Central; from St. Louis by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Cincinnati by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Montreal by the New York Central; from Boston by a through car over the Boston & Albany, in connection with the New York Central; from New York by the through car lines of the New York Central; from Buffalo and Niagara Falls by the New York Central.

A 32-page folder and map entitled "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them" sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a 1-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

In its 50th Thousand

# THE MARTIAN

Du Maurier's Last Novel

We find again the kindly humor, the peculiar and incisive touches of satire, the inimitable skill in the portrayal of character, and the tenderness, simplicity, and genuine pathos, free from any suspicion of cant, that belonged to "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby," only, if possible, in a superlative degree. "The Martian" is full of beautiful thoughts beautifully clothed.—Detroit Free Press.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

ED. PINAUD'S 37.8 BOULEVARD DE STRASBOURG.  
PARIS

## EAU DE QUININE

HAIR TONIC.

THE BEST HAIR RESTORER.  
A POSITIVE DANDRUFF CURE.  
SHOULD BE ON THE DRESSING TABLE OF EVERY GENTLEMAN AND GENTLEWOMAN. THE SCALP NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.

Summer Resorts

**HOTEL VENDOME-BOSTON**

Accessible location, excellent table, prompt service.

RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF THE OCEAN

**HOTEL PRESTON**

BEACH BLUFF, Mass.

Opened June 22. On high bluff, magnificent beach, only 14 miles from Boston. Entirely remodeled this year. Circulars, etc., address,

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Hotel Nottingham, Boston.

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# ·LIFE·



He: YOU LIKE THE BARON!

"WHY, HE SEEMS A PERFECT GENTLEMAN."

"YES, BUT YOU KNOW HE'S TRAVELING *incog.*"

## Answered the Purpose.

"A TRASHY book!" the scornful critic cried, And pitilessly he the lash applied. The author, out for cash, smiled at the lash; The trashy book had filled his purse with "trash."

## A Phenomenon.

"THEY say that there is a four-year-old boy in Baltimore who understands geometry."

"Pooh! There's a four-year-old boy in Boston who understands the sugar schedule."

"THE trouble with your wife, Mr. Spudds," said the physician, "is lack of exercise."

"What can I do for it?"

"I would put in a telephone, and then she will be kept busy delivering messages for the neighborhood."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXX. JULY 29, 1897. NO. 762.  
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#### THE SHERMAN (?) DISPATCH.

A RECENT dispatch of the State Department to Ambassador Hay about the delinquencies of the British Government in failing to do its share in protecting the seal fisheries has occasioned a good deal of talk, because of the candor with which it expressed the sentiments of its writer. Some British journals have considered it discourteous and somewhat abusive, and some American journals have considered its phraseology ill-advised. It was signed by Secretary Sherman, but it is believed that he did not write it, and it is doubted whether he read it. The gentleman who did write it has not yet had occasion to acknowledge his performance. There is a mystery, too, about its getting into print, for no one has admitted giving it out for publication. The matter of the dispatch is not criticised in this country, but it has been suggested that the author might have expressed himself less offensively without any sacrifice either of truth or vigor. When our esteemed British neighbors find fault with one another they do it in the plainest language, and give and take with hearty emphasis; but they don't at all like to be scolded by outsiders. It would seem to be politic for Uncle Sam to recognize this not unnatural trait and to employ, in the preparation of his communications to foreign powers, gentlemen so far conversant with the amenities of literary style as to be able to convey disagreeable ideas in perfectly polite language. If you want a man to correct his behavior, it is not worth while to start

in by making him more grumpy than a civil communication of the facts necessitates. It is not smart to be gruff. The feat that requires intelligence is so to sugar the diplomatic pill that, without leaving a bad taste in the mouth, it may produce the desired effect further on.



#### SOME FAVORABLE SIGNS.

REPORTS from many of the far Western States tell of good crops, an unprecedented paying off of mortgages, and surplus money in the banks. For the last three or four years Western farmers have worked hard and practiced economy. Last year prices of farm products began to improve. This year they are better still. From Oregon, Washington, North and South Dakota, Montana, Colorado, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas come cheering reports of debts paid, of great crops for which there is a good demand, and of cheerfulness among the voters. LIFE hastens to congratulate Major McKinley on these reassuring evidences of the wisdom and ability of his administration. If only the offices hold out until all the original McKinley men and their near relatives are provided for, we may look for a prompt return of sweeping prosperity. Meanwhile the signs of improvement are delightfully welcome.



#### INHERITANCE AND CONCENTRATION.

THE winning of the Diamond Sculls in the Henley Regatta by Edward Hanlon Ten Eyck of Worcester, illustrates the value of inherited qualities, and the importance of concentration as an element of success. It also illustrates that every man is born an amateur, and that if he becomes a professional it is by his own act. If birth determined the status of an oarsman, Ten Eyck could not have been admitted to the Hen-

ley Regatta, as his father is a well-known professional sculler. As it was, he was able to qualify as an amateur, and though his victory was not especially popular at Henley, there was no question about the merit of his performance. Let us hope he may continue an amateur, since, if he becomes a professional, his friends cannot complain if it is said that, after all, he was not quite the sort of man the Henley races were meant for.



#### THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

NOW again the summer schools are in full blast, and the summer scholars are busy trying to assimilate a little surreptitious erudition. We have a considerable leisure class in this country in summer, consisting of all the school teachers, all their pupils, a good many of the ministers, all the women who do not have to work for a living, all the professional tramps, all the men who are able to take vacations, and most of the people who have accumulated sufficient means of support. Among the occupations by which all these people of leisure, temporary or sustained, contrive to worry through the earlier weeks of midsummer, the summer school is one of the most praiseworthy. It is cheaper and less tiresome than whirling across the country to a Christian Endeavor convention, and it is more exciting and remunerative than loafing on the piazzas of a summer hotel. Much can be learned in the summer schools both out of books and from professors, and otherwise. Courses of courtship even have been known to be sandwiched in between summer school lessons. One characteristic all the summer schools have—they are all "mixed" schools, in which representatives of the tougher and of the more progressive sexes sit side by side. That is as it should be. There is a time for all things, and if there is time for schools in summer it is for "mixed" schools, and those only.



JULY



WHAT AM I OFFERED FOR THE GIRL?



COAL STRIKE

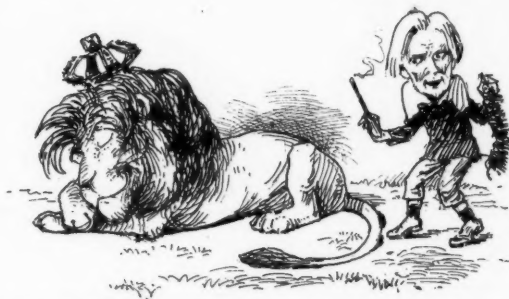


A SUBSTANTIAL OBSTACLE

ANDREWS' ATTEMPT



GOLD FEVER



WHERE'S RICHARD OLNEY NOW?



IMPLEMENTS EMPLOYED IN THE INVESTIGATION OF THE TRANSVAAL RAID



## Our Fresh-Air Fund.

LIFE will compromise with you.

Some of the recent weather has been hard on city children, especially the sick ones, but if those of you who have \$10 in your pocket will give half of it to this fund we will let you off.

So please send it along at once, as it is a matter of life or death to hundreds of young people we know of.



BEFORE.	AFTER.
Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,518 45
Cash.....	50 00
A. W. B.....	100 00
H. B. W.....	50 00
S. A., of Dayton.....	3 00
Emily Fitch Phelps.....	10 00
In memory of Bertha.....	6 00
W. Smith.....	5 00
Millicent W. D.....	10 00
J. J. Astor.....	100 00
J. C. de B. Schimmel.....	5 00
Just a Mite.....	1 00
E. C. L. A.....	3 00
Tea Ticket.....	10 00
Troy Budget.....	3 00
Virginia, Cornelia, Christopher and Merritt.....	12 00
F. A. M.....	5 00
H. K. O.....	10 00
Profits of a Poultry Show at Ridgefield, Conn., given by Robert Cushman and Burgoyne Hamilton, aged 15 years....	70 00
Mildred H. Selfridge.....	1 00
In memory of a dear mother.....	35 00
M. P., Beach Haven, N. Y.....	3 00
C. F. L.....	6 00
G. V. and I., and A. D. LaMonte.....	5 00
A. L. P.....	2 00
M. H. S.....	25 00
Amherst.....	1 00
In memory of B. C. S.....	5 00

\$2,054 45

We acknowledge also, with many thanks, the following:

From Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Bros.: Twelve balls, twelve bats, five catching gloves.

From Messrs. Cannery Bros.: Two boxes of firecrackers and eight packages of torpedoes.

From Mrs. P. S. Hawk, Ridgefield, Conn., on July 11, an ice-cream and cake birthday party to LIFE'S FARM for her little daughter.

## BOOKSHINESS

## "Bobbo" and "Hell-fer-Sartain."

THE rarest kind of short story that our present writers produce is the fanciful or fantastic tale which hardly touches reality with its toes, but pirouettes about the stage in a blaze of light and laughter. American short story writers have mostly drawn their inspiration from certain localities, and have reflected local character. This is the kind of

thing that comes naturally to observant minds. But once in a while there happens along a rare kind of fancy that likes to juggle with grotesque and amusing ideas. The late Thomas Wharton was one of these, and it was a wise thing for his friend, Owen Wister, to collect a volume in his memory. "Bobbo" (Harper) is a charming conceit, light and airy, and full of color as a soap-bubble. It has little touches of humanizing feeling in it to bring it within the range of sympathy. The writing of it is of the deft, intelli-



IN THE BROOK AT LIFE'S FARM.

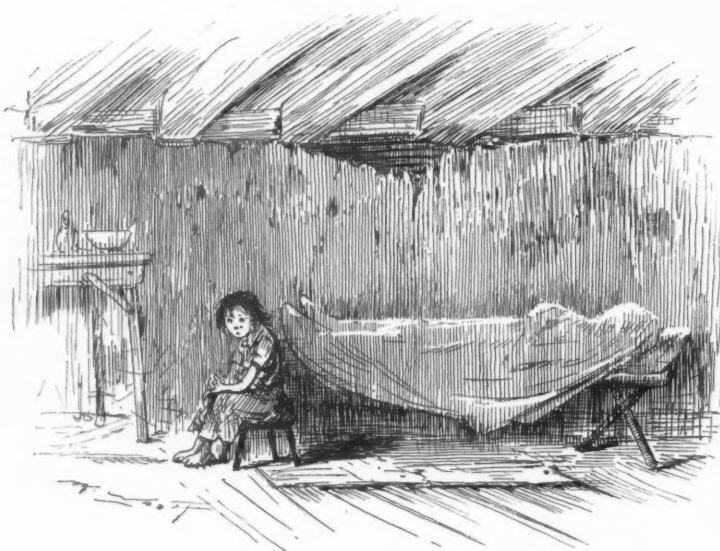
gent, graceful kind that shows the careful artist in words.

\* \* \*

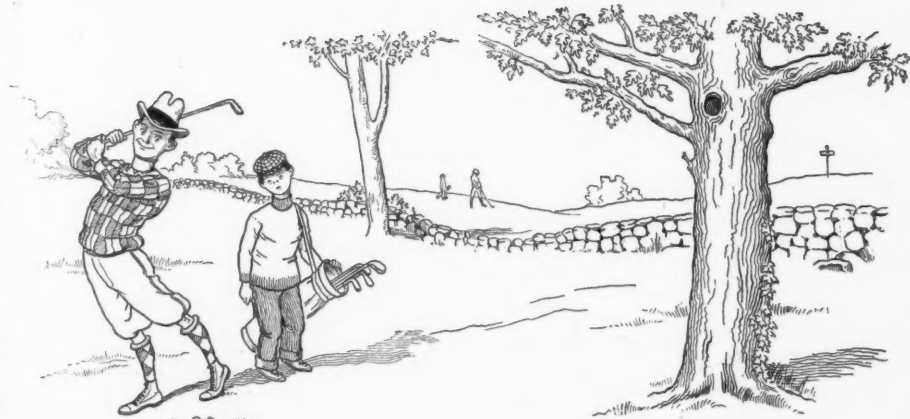
JOHN FOX, JR., in "Hell-fer-Sartain" (Harper), has collected ten of his Cumberland Gap dialect sketches. Each is very short, and makes its point without superfluous words. The dialect is not of the complicated kind that needs a glossary, and it is a very useful vehicle in the interpretation of the crooked and uncertain character of *Abe Shivers* and the subtleties of *Ole Tom Perkins* who lived on land "so durned pore that I hain't never been able to raise my voice." There is more reality in these little stories than we are accustomed to expect from mountaineers in the elaborate, melodramatic productions which Craddock has associated with that type of character. Moreover, Mr. Fox has simplified things by taking sunsets and storms for granted. If you squeeze the weather reports out of one of Craddock's long novels, the residuum is not much longer than one of Mr. Fox's tales.

\* \* \*

MISS GUINEY, in her recent volume of collected essays called "Patrins" (Cope-land & Day), makes some very sensible remarks on "Sadness in Literature." She would not



"THE WORLD BEFORE HER."



"SEE ME LAND ON THE GREEN."

banish that melancholy and tragedy which is often a part of the highest art, but she has no patience with willful sadness. "Many of the Elizabethan dramas are dark and terrible, but they compel men to think." The novels of Meredith and Stevenson have plenty of tragedy in them, but not a page in them will induce you "to sit shaking your maudlin head over yourself or all creation." That is a very useful distinction to make in literature at this time, when the little voices are given to whining, as though they carried about in their bosoms the doleful secret of universal pain.

"We owe our gratitude," says Miss Guiney, "to the men of letters who deliberately undertake to be gay—for nobody expects unconscious and spontaneous gayety in books nowadays."

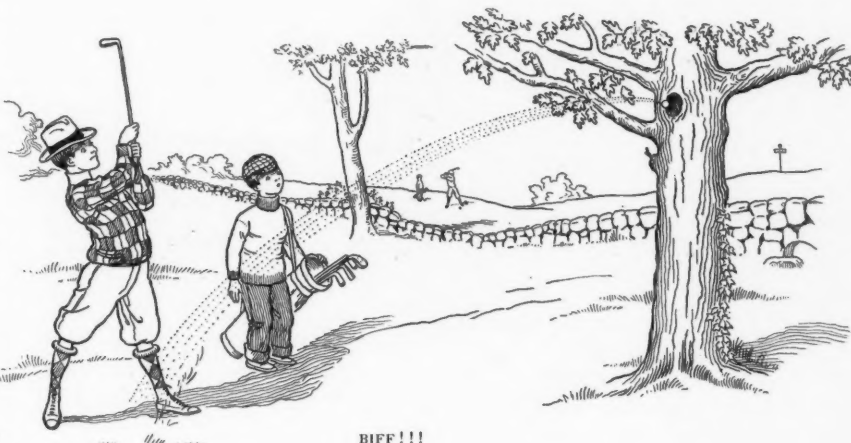
*Droch.*

**ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN:** Where shall I put this book, "Impressions of America by an Englishman"?

**LIBRARIAN:** In the fiction department.

#### A Contemporary Incident.

**A**s the train passed through the tunnel out of New York all manner of gases got into the sleeping car, as usual, and stifled the suffering passengers. The little boy did not like it, and his mind worked. When the tunnel was passed the air was better. Then the little boy said: "Father, I learned at school that when there



BIFF!!!



*The Squirrel:* SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN, IF YOU DON'T STOP SHOOTING THESE OVERGROWN QUININE PILLS INTO MY HOUSE I'LL FILL UP EVERY HOLE ON THE COURSE.

is bad air in any place it rises, and is worse near the ceiling than it is lower down. Now, father, the air in this car will rise, and it will be worse in the upper berth than in the lower berth. You are bigger and stronger than I, and can stand the bad air better. Please, father, take the upper berth and let me have the lower one."

Then the man said to his wife: "What viper is this that we have nourished? Is this what modern schooling leads to?"

But she replied: "Pshaw! The child wants the lower berth so that he may look out of the window in the morning. He will wake earlier than you."





— DANCING TERM.— "THE BOSTON DIP."



Oh, No!

"It wouldn't do to irritate Spain."—From a recent speech in the Senate.

TO irritate Spain!  
That would never do!  
Through fair Cuba's domain  
There's a dark, bloody stain  
Quite abhorrent to view;  
And its meaning is plain—  
And our duty is, too.  
But to irritate Spain!  
That would never do!

Uncle Sam, pray refrain!  
Though your prisoners sue

For their freedom in vain;  
Though again and again

You're insulted, 'tis true.  
You may weep at the slain  
While the world laughs at you;  
But to irritate Spain!  
That would never do!

Not Necessary to Go In.

**TWYNN:** Copingstone must be really a man of some consequence.

**TRIPLETT:** What have you heard?

"He has refused to pay \$25 to get his biography into the International Encyclopedia of Prominent Citizens."

#### SOME REJECTED ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### HOW IS YOUR NERVE?

Weak? We thought so. You look it. Why not try

## CHEEKINE

The latest and best Topic going. Used by CHAUNCEY DEPEW, Gen. WEYLER, EUGENE V. DEBS and others.

WORTH A MILLION A BOTTLE

But sold by all DEALERS IN HARDWARE for  
**ONE DOLLAR.**

N.B.—Why sold by Hardware Dealers and not by Druggists? BECAUSE  
YOU PURCHASE AN IRON NERVE WHEN  
YOU BUY IT.

Send your Children to Prof. Chump's Classical School

## The New English Taught.

Chimmie Faddenese in Ten Lessons.  
How to Write like Stephen Crane in Two Lessons.  
Special Classes in Negro and Scotch Dialect.

For a specimen of our work send Ten Cents for a copy of Prof. Chump's Lecture "On the Use and Abuse of Nit."

#### SPECIAL NOTICE to SERVANT GIRLS

Do you Know of any Scandals in your Home?  
Has your Employer any Skeletons in her Closet?  
Do you Suspect Anyone in High Life of Anything?  
Do you Know of any Social Light who is Suffering from an Incurable Disease?  
Do you Want to Make a Fortune Without Effort? Keep your Eyes Open and Tell Us What You See.

ED. THE SUNDAY TWISTER.

WHY READ NOVELS . . . . .  
WHEN BY TAKING A BOX OF

## Hasheesh Pills.

YOU CAN DREAM A BETTER  
STORY THAN POE EVER . .  
WROTE. . . . .

WORTH AN EAGLE A BOX  
PRICE A QUARTER

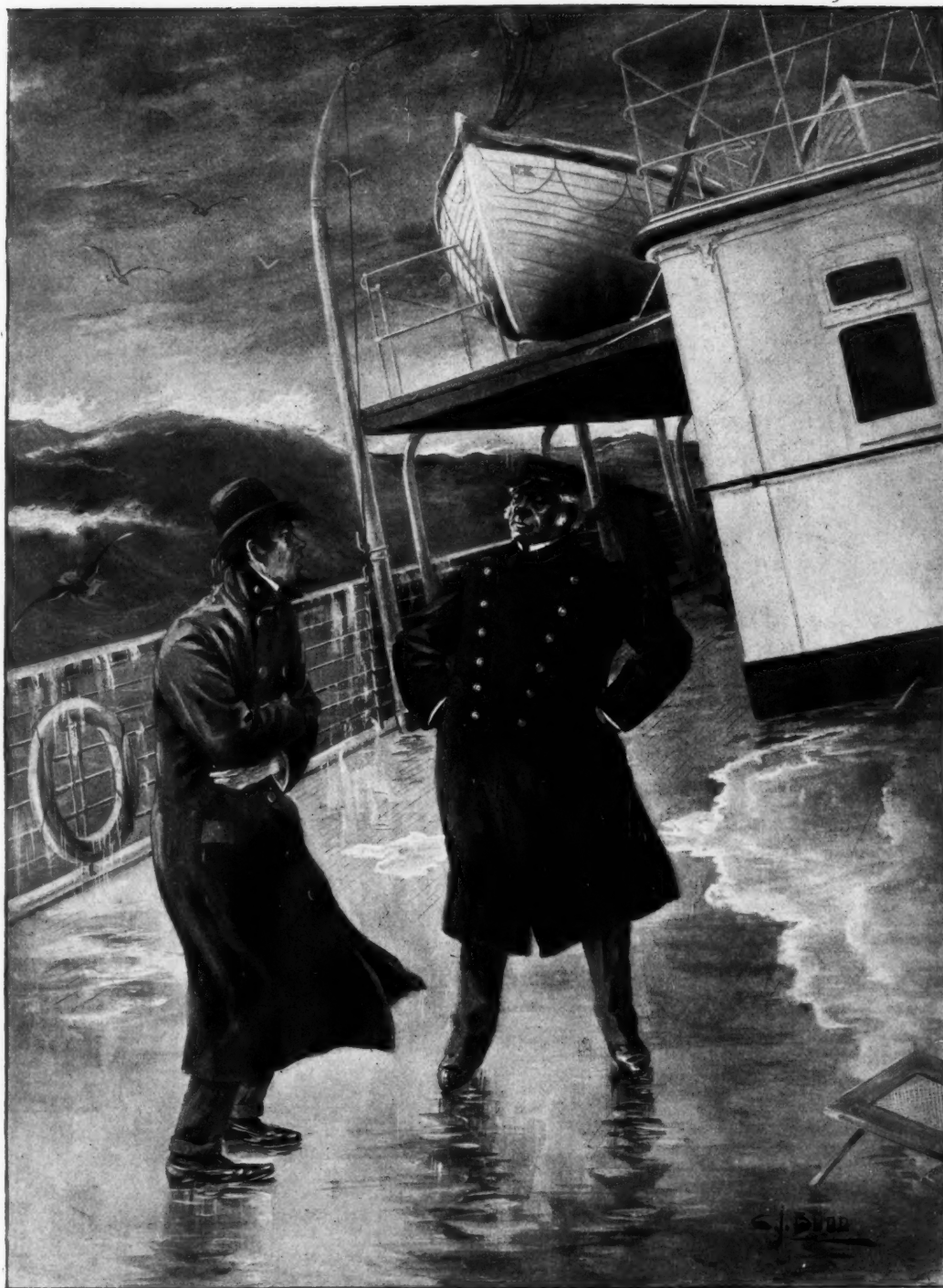
Special DUMAS PILL on Trial GRATIS . . . . .

**FAKIRS** will hear something to their advantage by applying to the Cuban News Department of The Disassociated Press No Fakir unfamiliar with the Cuban Map need apply.

**DO YOU WANT TO BE FAMOUS?** Write me at once. Poems Written and Your Name Signed to Them. Publication Guaranteed.—Address, NOWASTE-BASKET, Hicksville P. O., N. J.

**LOST.** Somewhere in his own house, Collect P. Huntingtin. The finder will be suitably rewarded.

**REMNANT SALE.** On Sept. 1st will be Sold at Public Auction a Consignment of Barreled Sermons, Jests, Poems, Short Stories and Novelettes by Famous Persons. No bid of less than \$10 per barrel entertained. Special Feature: Sixty three yards of a Stirring Tale of New England Life by a well-known Author. Can be divided into short stories of from two to five feet in length.—T. SPACER, Literary Auctioneer, Boston.



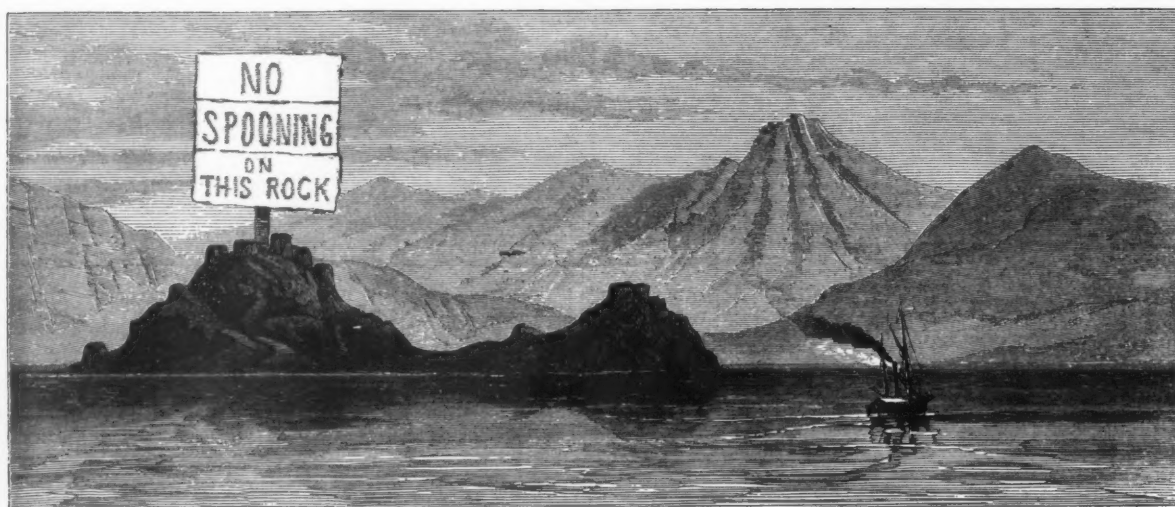
*The Captain (boisterously):* COME, OLD MAN, BRACE UP! WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?  
"IF YOU DON'T PUT ME ASHORE YOU'LL VERY SOON SEE."







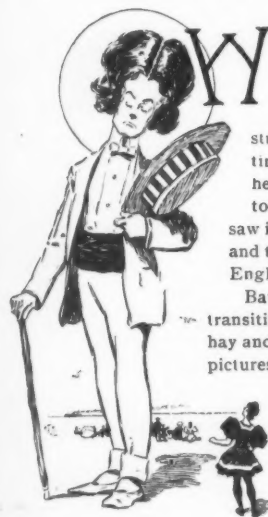
MOONED.



VIEW AT BAR HARBOR.

## Life's Personally Conducted Tours.

## BAR HARBOR.



WHEN an abandoned farm has lost its savor, when even a loan cannot be raised upon its stubborn soil, it becomes time to advertise its health-giving qualities, to praise its scenery, and saw it up into building lots; and then it is ripe for a New England summer resort.

Bar Harbor is still in the transitional stage, between hay and grass, and has all the picturesque beauty of South Chicago. It was discovered years ago by a band of wandering impressionists, who were regarded by the natives as harmless imbeciles. Returning to civilization, they exhausted their lungs in singing its praises; when this inexpensive advertising had ripened the fruit of the golden boom tree, certain guileless philanthropists slipped down the coast and bought up a job lot of farms, beaches, crags and mountains, which they retailed by the inch to insane cottagers. The artless hotel man camped upon their trail, and built papier-mâché caravansaries, where frugal fare with French names was served to hunger-madened creatures, jocularly termed guests.

Under such benign auspices the place grew in spasms; first families, who were kept

off the grass in Newport, rushed in to build up a new reservation for a new nobility. Politicians of the reform and chloroform school landed on the coast and inaugurated booms. Naval secretaries ordered fleets down there to guard the deserted summer girl and gladden the lard shark; and the argosies of yacht clubs sailed in with great *elan*, only to be discouraged by the sparkling fusel oils of Neal Dow's State.

\* \* \*

IT was in Bar Harbor that the original summer girl was hatched; she of the numberless engagements; she who has become the staple summer *jeu d'esprit* of the syndicate humorist. Bar Harbor has its drawbacks; it lacks good male facilities; it is too far distant for the fascinating youth of bank and broker's office who creates a Sunday sensation in girl-congested watering places; it must content itself with young fellows in the forties and *blase* college men, who expect to be worshipped, and have to put on their hats with shoe-horns. Its favorite diversion is canoeing—birch bark accommodation for two, one to languish, one to paddle; and out on the summer sea the dreamy hours float by; and anon the thick, moist Fundy fog obscures the chaperon on the rocks, and convention is thrown to the sea-dogs. The Bar Harbor fog would be missed. Buckboards with narrow seats are popular; passengers must sit snugly. Alpine exercises on the mountain, requiring much handling and frequent secluded rests, are much in vogue by young people. But the fatal British dog and village-carts are coming in, driving out the simple, unholy joys of the gum-chewing period, for the brand newly-rich must exhibit their superior manners in some way,

and buckboards and free osculation are very vulgar.

\* \* \*

THE grand old New England grocery still blooms at Bar Harbor, serene and confident amid the garish vivacity of eccentric cottages and mortuary bath-houses. Men and women, whose clothes and menials cower and abash the lower orders in Boston and Brooklyn, congregate there, forgetting their acquired austerity and renewing their youth amid the grateful odors of salt cod and molasses, recalling the halcyon days of yore when gum boots and blue overalls, with the perfume of kine and fertilizers, gave no promise of an age of red-plush upholstery and damaged livers.

Flanking the ancient grocery and its soiled majordomo are the picturesque Oriental booths where beaus and belles in tennis suits wander, admiring the bizarre products of China, India and Japan—made in distant Connecticut. The fairest daughters of Skowhegan and Bucksport sell these dainty wares, and engage in coy badinage with the beach masher in the silvery patois of Maine. Anon the excitement of the daily mail stirs Bar Harbor to its depths; the merry revel at the Pool raises the fluttering hopes of the summer girl; and all go down to the snorting steamer to see the ill-starred tourist led away by the hotel man to the purchase of gold bricks.

Indian maidens clad in vociferous garments camp under the eye of the constable in oilskins, and perchance glide stealthily through the merry throngs, retailing moccasins and baskets made for the summer trade by the bloodthirsty warriors of Attleboro', Mass. As these simple, unbathed and travel-stained



PERTINENT.

"WHY DON'T YOU HIT A FELLER OF YOUR SIZE?"  
 "DO YOU WANT ME TO WAIT HERE TILL YOU GROW?" (*Biff!*)

Hiawathas ply their gentle craft, the amiable fisherman unchains his yellow dog and shoos home his trustful hens.

\* \* \*

YET with all these attractions, Bar Harbor is still in its unformed stages; it still lingers under the thrall of the garish beauty who sells photographs and souvenirs, what time she masticates the toothsome pine gum and gives the summer girl the frozen eye and marble heart.

This resort is long on scenery, mountains, cliffs, fogs, billows, and all the raw material of a summer resort; but it is short on real aristocrats, who blow themselves regardless of cost. Bar Harborites affect to despise the flamboyant gayety of the nether coast resorts; but their contempt lacks heartiness, and does not impress even Bangor, which prefers the mingled joys of the white wines, camp-meetings and chromo-society which reign at Old Orchard. Only a few Canadian baronets affect Bar Harbor, and even the rawest parvenu, with callouses still on his cheek, fails to be impressed by provincial politicians and shopkeepers with titles; our secret societies have made grab-bag, four-carat honors promiscuous and unimpressive. The American freeman who comes to Bar Harbor to be dazzled by plutocratic splendor, goes away feeling that the ticket agent has buncoed him. In point of fact, Bar Harbor lacks the plated splendor of Newport, the pseudo-squirearchy of Lenox, the thermal abandon of Narragansett, and the dead game sport of Coney Island. Its ancestral grocers, pedlars, ragpickers and train-wreckers are not remote enough yet, and Bar Harbor seems to have simply developed into a green persimmon that never will be ripe. *Joseph Smith.*



PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

IT IS NOT THE CORRECT THING TO TAKE PART IN FAMILY DISAGREEMENTS. IF SUCH OCCUR IN YOUR PRESENCE, REMAIN SILENT, AS AN OUTSIDER SHOULD, AND RETIRE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



## The Word Immoral.

WITH a nicety of discrimination that ought to be French, if it is not, the clever author of "America and the Americans" points out that the word "immoral" has a distinctive American meaning. By our popular usage, only immoralities of the appetites are immoral. The immoralities of chicane in business and corruption in politics may indeed be criminal, if practiced to an excess that incurs imprisonment, but even then they do not suggest the adjective immoral. That word, as between two men who are equally types of commercial and political immorality, but of whom one is "fast," is reserved alone for the one who is "fast"—as conspicuously in the case of the late James Fisk, Jr., and the late Jay Gould. This curious distinction in popular usage is only fresh evidence of the supremacy of woman in American life, of the completeness of the American surrender to her in all matters of practical ethics—as well as mere church-going and the getting to Heaven—for, from the nature of the case, immoralities of the appetites affect her well-being the most vitally. Yet, if the American man were to assert his right to a share in determining what is popularly understood to be immoral, would the assertion be without its moral benefit?

## Should Be Encouraged.



"WHAT sort of a season did you have?" asked the first Rialto stroller.

"Good," replied the second. "The ghost walked regularly every week."

"That is what I would call a commendable spirit," responded the first.

ALL that is necessary in writing a love letter is to say "I love you" in as many different ways as possible.

## The Village Blacksmith.

(With apologies to the memory of H. W. Longfellow.)



And children wheeling home from school  
Glance through the open door;

They see no more the flaming forge  
Nor hear the bellows roar,

And wonder at the empty shop—  
So full of life before.

Yet, when on Sunday in his pew  
He thinks of all his woes,  
He can't but help to count the wheel  
Foremost among his foes;  
But something in the parson's prayer  
Relieves the tear that flows.

The sermon treats of bicycles—  
Their influence, good and bad;  
A grand and mighty factor  
For health of lass and lad;  
And to his daughter in the choir  
The smith ne'er looked so glad.

Straightway next day his sign of shoe  
Is changed to that of wheel;

"UNDER the spreading chestnut-tree

The village smithy stands;  
The smith a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands."

His hair, once black, is turned quite gray;

His face is worn and sad;  
His brow is furrowed deep with care;  
He knows the times are bad,  
And fears his business soon will go  
Because the wheel's a fad.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,

His bellows used to blow;  
You heard him swing his heavy sledge  
With measured beat and slow;  
But now a stillness haunts the place  
Where the horse was wont to go.



"His daughter in the choir."



"Children wheeling home from school."

And scorchers riding by that way  
A punctured tire to heal,  
Seldom would find a busier man  
In all the commonweal.

Wm. Henry Walker.



A GROUSE DRIVE.

IT is what men do not know about women that fascinates them most.

#### The Cool, Calm Arguments of "Science."

IN a recent issue of the *Medical Record*, under the title "The Malice and Vindictiveness of the Anti-vivisectionists," we see some vigorous opinions expressed by William J. Robinson, Ph.G., M. D. This irascible gentleman despises the anti-vivisectionists, and he tells why:

I used to consider them ill-informed, but well-meaning and kind-hearted people; now, after having studied impartially their literature, I know them to be hard-hearted fanatics (as fanatics are likely to be), deliberate prevaricators, and impudent ignoramuses, who deserve no consideration and are to be handled without gloves. Many of their assertions, in fact, can be explained only on the hypothesis of mental irresponsibility.

A long letter in the same dispassionate tone is ended thus:

And then they get angry when I tell them that their moral obliquity is equalled only by their mental perversity. I have become quite indifferent, though, to their anger and to their attacks.

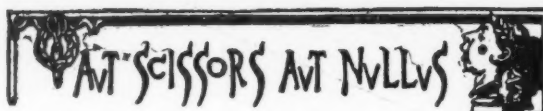
WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, Ph.G., M. D.

We fear that Dr. Robinson does not help his cause. He should keep out of print.

Strap down another dog, Dr. Robinson, and vent your spleen where there can be no talking back.

Wouldn't you enjoy having an anti-vivisectionist at the other end of that knife!





# A Ballad of the Fleet—450 B. C.

When we loosed from blue Piræus,  
Under the Violet Crown,  
The sun hung over the masthead  
Like Pallas above the town;  
The sun hung over the masthead  
And the land lay on the lea,  
Where the gray eyes of Glaucopis  
Were the eyes that followed me.  
We sailed away to the southland,  
Where the maids are born to kiss;  
We saw the daughters of Pharaoh  
When we lay at Naucratis;  
And their eyes shone like Selene's,  
But all that they said to me  
Was: "The gray eyes of Glaucopis  
Are the eyes that shine for thee."  
We coasted the Great King's country,  
We looked on the Asian girls,  
We saw the flash of their white arms,  
The toss of their coal-black curls;  
But out of their songs and dances  
The message that came to me  
Was: "The gray eyes of Glaucopis  
Are the eyes that watch for thee."  
Sometimes when the night wind whimpers  
And whistles among the spars,  
And the sullen raindrop splashes,  
And a wet mist dims the stars,  
At sight of their tearful beauty  
I think on a harbor quay,  
Where the gray eyes of Glaucopis  
Are the eyes that weep for me.

As oft in the summer starshine  
We loiter among the isles,  
We can see the town lights twinkle  
And beckon across the miles;  
But behind them and beyond them  
A city I seem to see,  
Where the gray eyes of Glaucopis  
Are the eyes that beckon me.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

A WOMAN who was traveling alone not long ago wandered one evening into a hotel parlor. A pretty young girl at once rushed towards her and breathlessly asked what time it was. Somewhat astonished, the woman glanced at the big mantel clock and repeated the hour.

"Oh, thank you," said the stranger, but without any signs of going away. "I suppose you think it queer my asking that," she burst out a moment later, "but to tell the truth I didn't want to know the time at all; I just had to speak to somebody. You see, I'm on my wedding trip, and for a whole week I haven't spoken to a soul but my husband. Why, I've hardly heard the sound of any one's voice but his. It was really a question of my speaking to some one or going wild."

—Kansas City Star.

ONE of the many private secretaries at the national capital is still new to his honors. One day a newspaper woman, full of business, burst into the office of this secretary's chief. The great man was out. "Can you tell me when he will be in?" she asked. "Really," drawled the clerk, "I haven't an idea." "Well," said the newspaper woman, as she turned to go, "I must say you look it."—Washington Post.

"WHEN I was out West," says a business man, young man registered at the hotel and proceeded to make things lively. The first night he played pool with the landlord and cleaned him out; the next night he came home drunk and whipped the cabman; the third night he went up and down the halls singing the top of his voice and daring the chambermaids come out and embrace him. In the morning they asked for the key of his room and gave him his bill. He looked it over, and then said, with surprised pathos, "Do you make any discount to ministers?"—Hardware.

The following epitaph is inscribed on the tomb of North Carolina moonshiner: "Killed by the Government for making whiskey out of corn grown from land furnished by a Congressman."

"PA, what is a peri?"

"A peri is a woman who meets her tired husband at the door with a glass of iced lemonade, and then is down by him and fans him."—Chicago Record.

"ARE you aware," said the garrulous boarder, "that oxtail soup was the invention of the French refugees, who used to beg the oxtails, because they had no money to buy soup bones?" "In other words," said the Cheerful Idiot, "they were reduced to the extremity."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Oh, mamma," the beautiful girl exclaimed, "adores me so, and he is so noble and handsome, and—"

—Detroit Journal.

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